WHY CHILDREN'S CLOTHES ARE
NOT ALWAYS NEW

Katherine Smith

HV 2335
S

AMERICAN FOUNDATION
FOR THE BLIND INC.

c. 1
HV2335
S
Cop. 1

But it was said, in words of gold
No time or sorrow e'er shall dim,
That little children might be bold
In perfect trust to come to Him.

All round about our feet shall shine
A light like that the wise men saw,
If we will loving hearts incline
To that sweet Life which is the Law.

ANONYMOUS

M. L.

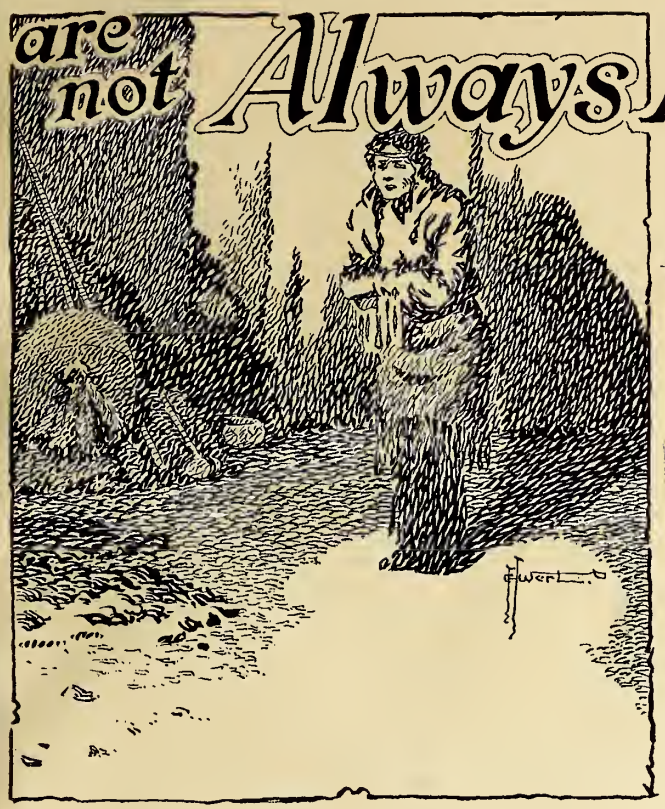
Why Children's Clothes

YEARS and years ago, before even Christmas trees began, men lived holily in holes and dressed skinnily in skins. Now it was the custom among these people whom we call savages, that no man might own more than one suit of clothes at a time. Every autumn, each warrior would go off into the wild, windy Wistico Wood, kill a fine, large bear, and make himself a winter suit of its skin. Of course, each man would try to find the biggest, furriest bear in the whole forest, so that his suit would be bigger and furrier than all other men's suits.

One autumn, the chief Lying Lion—ancestor of the renowned Sitting Bull—fell ill, and was unable to go into the wild, windy Wistico Wood until so late in the winter that all the best bears were gone. All he could find was a half-grown cub with a large bald spot right in the middle of its back and one ear badly chewed. Since this was the only bear left in the whole wood, the chief had to take it or go without a suit.

Later in the winter, when Lying Lion happened to be walking in the forest, he met the biggest, blackest, furriest bear he had ever seen. The chief had been very irritable all winter because every other man of the tribe had finer clothes than his. So, when he saw the bear, he was as happy as you are on Christmas morning when you find, in your stocking, everything you wished for. He shot the bear, took it home, and made himself a coat of its beautiful warm skin. But even though Lying Lion was chief of his tribe, he couldn't break all its ancient and honorable rules, and he couldn't have more than one suit at a time. He thought and thought about what he ought to do, and, just as he was thinking hardest, his small nephew came into the room shivering. The little boy shivered, because the day was very cold, and because the only garment he wore was made of a large wild bulldog's skin, and wasn't very warm. You know how bulldogs shiver in winter, and their skins fit them much better than they

are not Always New



fit little boys. Lying Lion's nephew must, then, have shivered even harder than a bulldog. Besides, the skin had been worn for many years by the original owner, and for three years by the chief's nephew, and it had become a bit thread—no, hairbare. When Lying Lion looked up and saw his young nephew trembling with cold, an idea came to him which has influenced people from his day to ours.

"Kinsman," he said, "you are cold but I shall make you warm."

So saying, he took the suit made of the bearskin with the bald spot and the chewed ear, threw it about the lad, and said, "I give you this; go on your way and be glad."

The child thanked him, for his mother had taught him that people must be thanked for all gifts, but he was not glad as he went away. He was really dreadfully sad and sorrowful. For would he not have to wear his uncle's suit, to show his gratitude, and wouldn't every one recognize it by the chewed ear and the bald spot? Besides, all the small savage boys wore wild bulldog skins, and even though his was old, it was stylish, and he would much rather be in style than be warm.

Chief Lying Lion, however, was delighted with the transaction. He now possessed only one suit, and could meet the men of his tribe unashamed. Now his suit would be finer than any of theirs, and it would be brand-new, while theirs were all beginning to look worn and mangy. But most of all, the chief rejoiced because he had done a worthy deed. For the rest of the winter his nephew would not shiver, and he, Lying Lion, was the shiver-stopper. Never before had he felt so virtuous.

When the other men of the tribe saw what their chief had done, they made haste to follow his example, and in a very short time, nearly all of the children were clad in half-worn bearskin suits, much too big for them, while their fathers and uncles had brand-new clothes. This custom, which made the fathers and uncles feel so happy and virtuous, spread rapidly over all the world. It has persisted, for centuries and centuries, even to this very day.

H. Katherine Smith

God Rest You Merry, Gentlemen

Words Adapted by D.M. Mulock

Music Traditional Arranged by Ada May Piaget

God rest you mer-ry, gen-tle-men, Let noth-ing you dis-
may, For Je-sus Christ, our Sa-vior, was born on Christ-mas
day; The dawn rose red on Beth-le-hem, the stars shown through the
gray, O ti-dings of com-fort and joy, com-fort and
joy, O ti-dings of com-fort and joy.

II

God rest ye, little children,
Let nothing you affright,
For Jesus Christ, your Saviour,
Was born this happy night.
Along the hills of Galilee
The white flocks sleeping lay,
O, tidings of comfort and joy.

III

God rest ye, all good Christians,
Upon this blessed morn.
The Lord of all good Christians
This joyous day was born.
Now all your sorrows He doth heal,
Your sins He takes away,
O, tidings of comfort and joy.

Bro-Dart INDUSTRIES
[illegible] 14, N. J. • Los Angeles 25, Calif.
[illegible], Ontario Made in U. S. A.